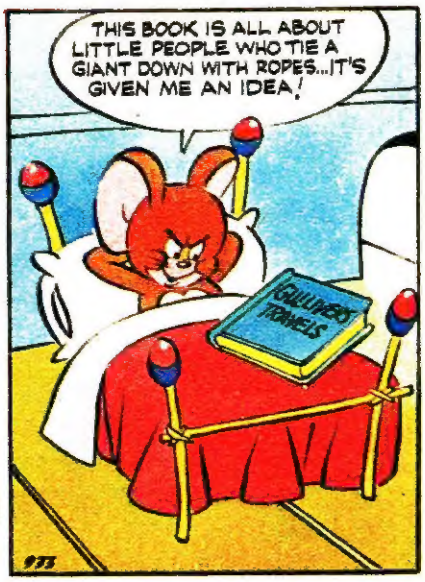
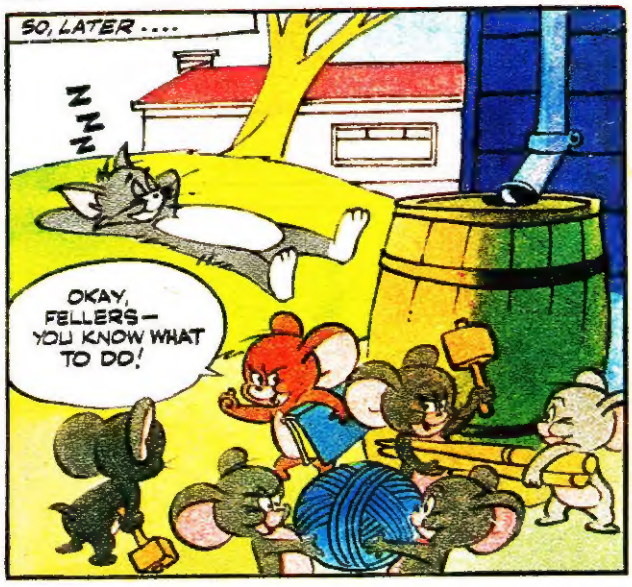
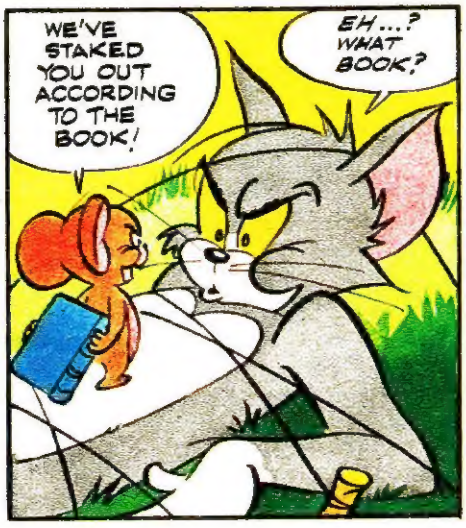
TV COMIC 7d

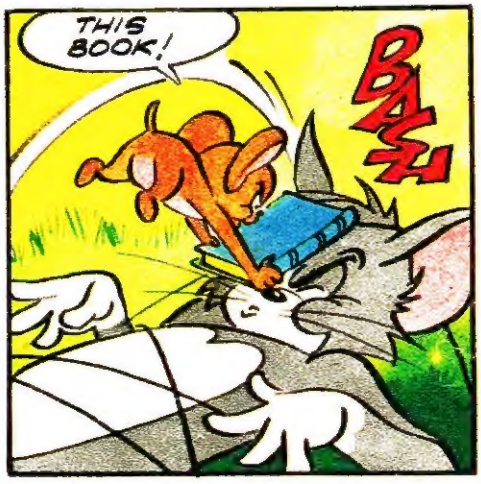
Every Monday | Week Ending 1st November, 1969 | Number 933

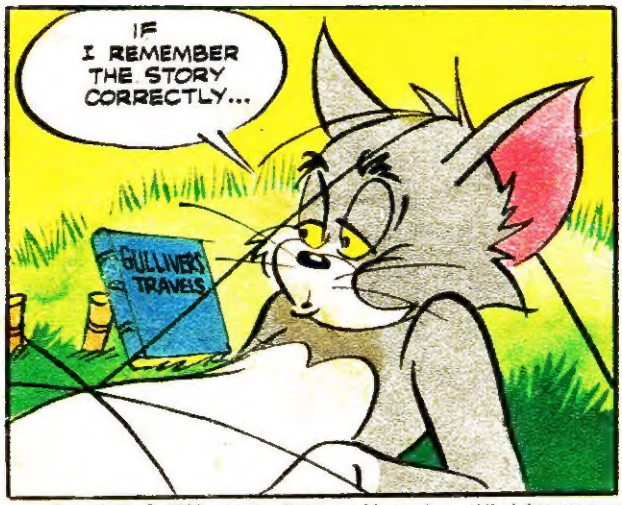
TOM and JERRY

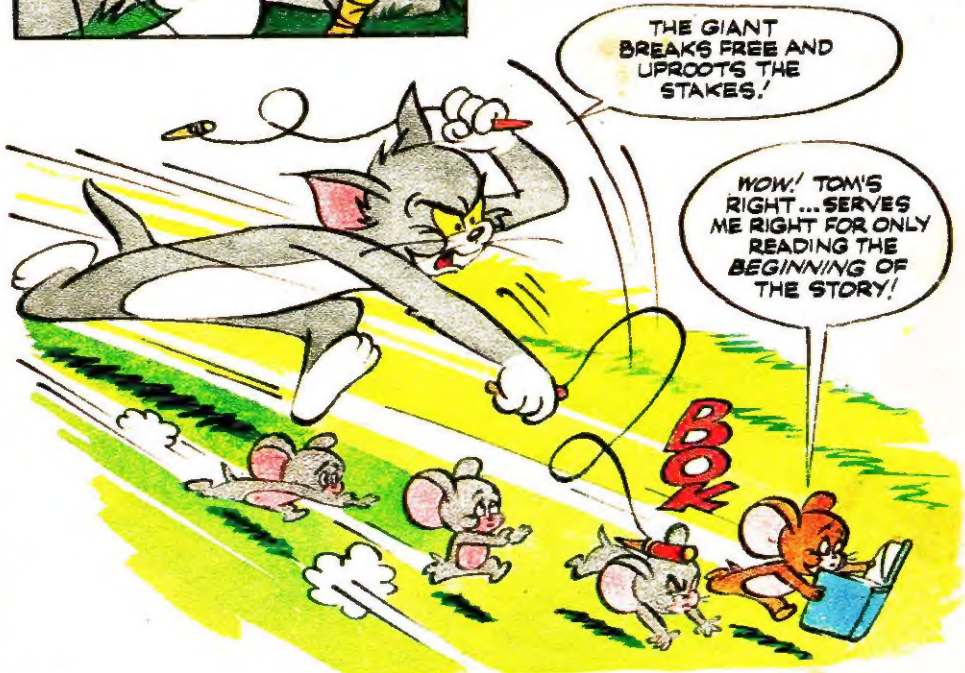











THE GIANT BREAKS FREE AND UPROOTS THE STAKES!
WOW! TOM'S RIGHT...SERVES ME RIGHT FOR ONLY READING THE BEGINNING OF THE STORY!
BOK

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Travel to page two, Gulliver fans!

QUICK! BACK INTO MY HOLE, FELLERS!
SWIPE!
933
SPLAT!
HEH! HEH! I KNOW HOW I CAN SMOKE THOSE RODENTS OUT OF JERRY'S HOLE!
PIED PIPER OF HAMLYN
SO...
IT'S WORKING LIKE A CHARM!
TOOTLE TEETLE
ENTRANCED
I'LL LEAD 'EM ALL INTO THE RIVER, JUST LIKE THE PIED PIPER DID! YUK! YUK!
BUT...
...TOM FALLS IN THE WASHING MACHINE...
AAAARGH!
WRRRRRR!
LATER...
WOW! THOMAS HAS SHRUNK...WELL, I'LL BE!
GLUBB!
N-NOW THEN FELLERS ...NO HARD FEELINGS, HUH?...I MEAN YOU WOULDN'T MANGLE A LITTLE MOGGY, WOULD YA?
MY, MY! IF IT ISN'T TOM THUMB!
YOU'RE GOING TO BE THE CENTRAL FIGURE IN A NEW FAIRY TALE, TOM...
...BUT THIS ONE ISN'T GOING TO HAVE A HAPPY ENDING! GRRR!

Firework fun with Tom and Jerry next week.

TV Terrors
DAN DELICATE, THE OPERA SINGER, WILL BE COMING TO THE STUDIO FOR THE NEXT FEW DAYS TO RECORD HIS PROGRAMME, HOPPIT... HE'S VERY NERVOUS ABOUT GERMS AND ILLNESS, SO YOU'D BETTER SPRAY THE STUDIO THOROUGHLY WITH THESE!
PRODUCER
KILL GERM
BUG SPRAY
VERY GOOD, SIR!
PSS-SST!
SS-SSSS!
WHAT ON EARTH IS HOPPIT UP TO?
ME-ME-ME-ME... FAH-FAH... IS THE STUDIO COMPLETELY GERM FREE, DOORMAN?
YES, MR. DELICATE – EXCEPT FOR THESE LITTLE PESTS, AND I'LL SOON GET RID OF THEM!
SSSS!
OOOH! I SAY!
HOPPIT, YOU MISERABLE MICROBES! HEH! HEH!
YIKE!
WHUMP!
ALL THESE SPRAYS AND GERM-KILLERS GIVE ME AN IDEA FOR GETTING EVEN WITH HOPPIT!
SO, LATER...
THIS SNEEZING POWDER WILL FIX OLD HOPPIT! HE! HE!
WE'LL WAIT TILL DAN DELICATE COMES OUT OF THE STUDIO, AND THEN I'LL LET HOPPIT HAVE IT!
NOW!
RIGHT!
PUFF
WHAT TH...?
AH-AH-
AAH-TISHOO!
EEEK!
YOU HORRID SNEEZY, GERMY, CREATURE... YOU HAVE A BEASTLY COLD, AND YOU'LL GIVE IT TO ME!
BUT I HAVEN'T GOT A... A...A...AR... AR... RRISSHOOO!
AH-AH-AH-AHSHOOO!
EEK! I CAN'T STAND IT! WHERE'S THE PRODUCER?
WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?
AH...AH...AHH..
TISHOOO!
I TOLD YOU TO KEEP THE STUDIO GERM-FREE, HOPPIT, AND JUST LOOK AT YOU... SPREADING YOURS ALL OVER THE PLACE!
GNN! URGH! CHOKE!
NOW GO HOME TO BED AND STAY THERE TILL YOU'RE BETTER!
SQUIRT!
GULP! SNIFFLE! CHOKE!
DON'T WORRY, HOPPIT... WE'LL TAKE OVER FOR YOU AND MAKE SURE NOTHING GETS INTO THE STUDIO, EXCEPT US OF COURSE! HA! HA! HA!
HAW! HAW! HAW!

Next week—" lift off " for Hoppit, trapped in a lift.

THE AVENGERS

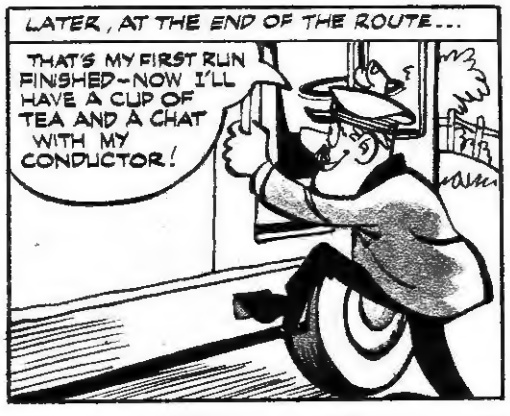
WHILE on a state visit to England, President Umboko, of the newly independent state of Mosambia, is kidnapped by his own Chief Minister, General Nawabie, and held prisoner in the Mosambian Embassy. Disguised as ice-cream vendors, Steed and Tara King attend a fancy dress ball at the embassy and attempt to rescue the President . . .

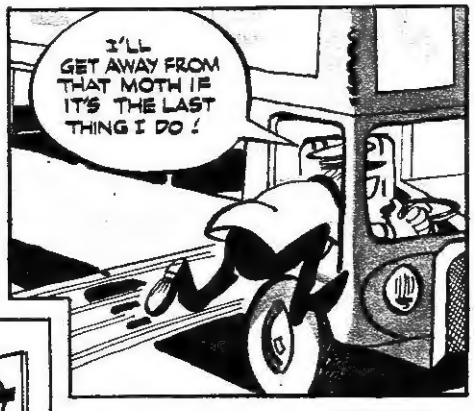
MEANWHILE...
STEED— WHERE ARE WE?
ON A SHORT CUT TO MOTHER! WE MUST GET THE POLICE INTO ACTION BEFORE GENERAL NAWABIE CAN ESCAPE!

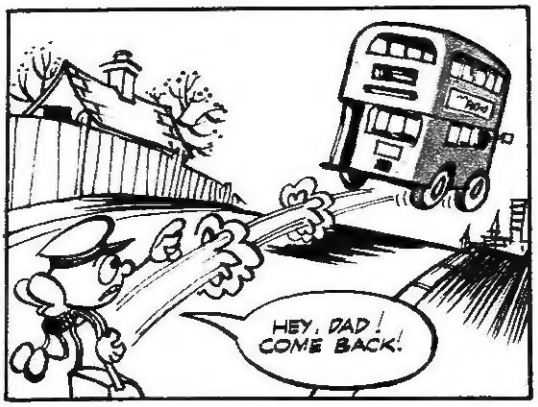
Based on the Thames Television production

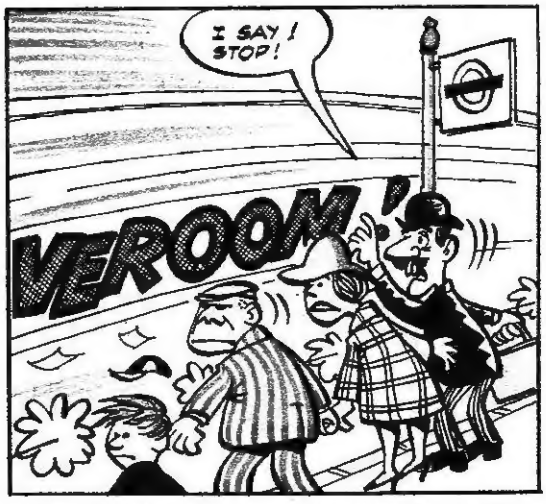
Can the Avengers capture the General ? See next week !

MIGHTY MOTH









BACK AT THE BUS TERMINUS...
YOU'RE TOO EARLY! AND WHERE ARE YOUR PASSENGERS?
I DIDN'T HAVE TIME TO PICK UP PASSENGERS. I HAD TO GET AWAY FROM A MOTH!

Things go with a bang for Dad in next week's firework issue.

SKIPPY
the bush kangaroo

AT the mountain school, Skippy has had her first experience of a game of snowballs. But a bully named Dan Briggs has hurt Skippy by throwing a snowball at her with a stone in it. . . . Skippy bounds away in alarm. . . .

WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS? YOU KNOW THAT FIGHTING IS NOT ALLOWED!
BUSH SCHOOL
PLEASE, SIR, BULLY MADE SKIPPY RUN AWAY AND...
NO, SIR, SHE RAN AWAY HERSELF! I WAS TRYING TO STOP SONNY RUNNING AFTER HER!

BOYS, THIS IS OUTRAGEOUS CONDUCT! YOU HAVE DEFIED ME! YOU WILL BOTH GO AT ONCE TO THE DETENTION ROOM!
OH, CRUMBS! NOW I CAN'T GO AFTER SKIPPY!
THAT'S DONE YOU, HASN'T IT?

WHO'S THE SNEAK NOW? YOU CAN YELL ALL YOU LIKE WHEN I'M GONE... I'M GOING TO COLLECT MY BUSH KIT AND FOLLOW SKIPPY'S TRACKS THROUGH THE SNOW!
OW! OUCH! STOPPIT!

Norfolk International Films Ltd.

The long search for Skippy begins next week.

Bob Monkhouse's **MAD MOVIES** *featuring the Keystone Kops*

GIVE UP YOUR EVIL WAYS, KROOKS, AND FOLLOW THE STRAIGHT AND NARROW PATH... BEKOME GOOD GUYS AND BE PROUD.
WE'LL DO IT! (SOB!)
KOP SHOP
SNIEFF!
WE'LL NEVER ROB ANOTHER BANK!
BLURB!

THE POLICE KOMMISSIONER HAS BEEN LISTENING...
FROM NOW ON WE'RE GOING T' BE HONEST CITIZENS!
KROOKS GOING STRAIGHT, EH? HERE'S A CHANCE TO SAVE SOME OF THE TOWN'S KASH!
SNIFF!
WHAT A LOVELY SPEECH!

THERE'S ONLY ONE THING FOR IT, MEN! WE'LL HAVE TO TEMPT THE KROOKS INTO STEALING AGAIN!
...THAT WAY WE'LL GET OUR JOBS BACK!
GOOD IDEA!

SO... THIS GLASS IS VERY THIN, KROOKS! IT'D BE EASY TO PULL OFF A 'SMASH AND GRAB' AT THIS JEWELLERS!
HERE'S A BRICK IF YOU WANT IT, BOSS!
NO! NO! THE BOYS AND I ARE REFORMED KARACTERS!
JEWELLERS
TAP

HEY, CHIEFY. CAN YOU RESCUE MY POOR KAT?
...AND WHAT ABOUT ONE OF YOU KOPS HELPING ME KROSS THE ROAD?
SORRY, LADIES! IT'S NOT OUR JOB ANYMORE...WE'VE BEEN FIRED!
HOTEL

WE'D LIKE TO HELP YOU, KOMMISSIONER, BUT AS WE'RE NOT KOPS ANYMORE IT'S NONE OF OUR BUSINESS!
OKAY. YOU WIN! YOU KAN ALL HAVE YOUR JOBS BACK ...ONLY GET THESE WOMEN OFF ME!
DONK
THUD

Rights granted by Raymond Rohauer, owner and assignee of Estate of Mack Sennett

The Keystone Kat kauses khaos next week.

BASIL BRUSH

COR! SUMMERS H'ALMOST H'OVER, AND WE 'AVEN'T H'EVEN 'AD AN 'OLIDAY!

GREAT BRILLIANT BRAINWAVES! CHUMMERS, YOU'VE GOT IT! GET A SUITCASE PACKED... QUICK!

BUT WHERE H'ARE WE GOING? WE DON'T 'AVE H'ANY MONEY!

THAT'S JUST IT, OLD CHUM! WE'LL STOW AWAY ON A CRUISE SHIP!

HAW-HAW-HAW! THIS SHOULD BE A GOOD PLACE... WHAT A CLEVER OLD BASSIE I AM!

LUXURY CRUISING ON THE DUCHESS LINE

OOOO! I JUST 'OPE WE DON'T GET CAUGHT!

THIS SHIP LOOKS A BIT OLD, GUV!

STOP COMPLAINING, CHUMMERS, WHAT DO YOU EXPECT FOR A FREE HOLIDAY—THE QUEEN ELIZABETH?

WHAT A CLEVER FELLA I AM... THIS IS THE LIFE... MIND YOU, WE'LL HAVE TO GET SOME FOOD!

HUH! WHAT A 'OPE!

GREAT NOVEL NOTIONS! I'VE GOT IT, YOU CAN PRETEND TO BE A STEWARD!

LUVVUS! ME FETCH THE FOOD? AND I THOUGHT THIS WAS GOING TO BE H'AN 'OLIDAY!

ERRR... FOOD FOR THE DECK 'ANDS, DON'T YER KNOW?

I 'AVE TO 'AND H'IT TO YOU, GUV... THIS CRUISE BUSINESS IS A JOLLY GOOD IDEA! HEE! HEE!

HAW-HAW! AND IN THE MORNING WE'LL MINGLE WITH THE PASSENGERS AND ENJOY OURSELVES!

BUT, IN THE MORNING...

AH, THIS IS THE LIFE... WHAT A WAY TO GET SOME WARMTH BEFORE WINTER COMES!

DING! DONG! DING!

YES, GUV... IT'S... EH? WHAT'S GOING H'ON?

PASSENGERS, TO YOUR STATIONS! DING! DONG

LUVVUS! WHAT'S 'APPENING? THE SHIP AIN'T SINKING H'IS IT, GUV?

GREAT UGLY UPROARS! WELL, IF IT IS, AT LEAST WE'LL BE IN A LIFEBOAT!

OOO CRUMBS! WE'VE BEEN FOUND OUT!

OOO NOOO! GREAT BLUNDERING BASSIES! I FORGOT ALL SHIPS HAVE LIFEBOAT PRACTICE!

... AND AS STOWAWAYS, YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO WORK FOR YOUR PASSAGE!

(GROAN!) I KNEW IT! BANG GOES MY 'OLIDAY!

GULP!

THERE GOES OUR CHANCE OF GETTING H'ANY SUNTAN!

CHEER UP, CHUMMERS! WE'LL PROBABLY BE DOING THE WASHING UP... WE'LL GET A BIT OF WARMTH IN OUR OFF HOURS!

SHOVELLING COAL! WHAT A SWIZZ!

WE'RE NOT GETTING MUCH SUN, (GROAN!) BUT DOWN HERE IN THE BOILER ROOM, WE CERTAINLY DON'T LACK FOR HEAT.

Cor! Basil Brush goes apple-picking next week!

Tich and Quackers

THUMP! THUMP! THUMP!

BAH! I CAN'T SLEEP... THIS PILLOW IS LIKE A SANDBAG!

NEXT MORNING...

HAVE YOU ANY OLD JUNK FOR THE SCHOOL JUMBLE SALE, MAJOR?

AS A MATTER OF FACT I HAVE!

... THIS LUMPY PILLOW!

OUCH!

... I'M USED TO THE OLD FASHIONED FEATHER PILLOWS, THEY'RE FAR MORE COMFY!

... IF IT'S WORTH A FEW BOB, SIR, I HAVE A FRIEND WHO CAN SUPPLY YOU WITH ALL THE FEATHERS YOU NEED!

? GULP!

ALL RIGHT, TICH... FIVE SHILLINGS FOR A SACKFUL!

SURELY TICH WOULDN'T PLUCK MY FEATHERS JUST FOR MONEY!

OH, BOY! FIVE BOB FOR A SACK OF FEATHERS. MUST FIND QUACKERS... HE CAN HELP ME COLLECT SOME FROM THE CHICKEN RUN!

SO...

QUACKERS! QUACKERS! WHERE ARE YOU?

OH, NO!

I'M OFF!

HEY, QUACKERS.

BUT, MOMENTS LATER...

YOU DAFT DUCK, WAIT!

OOF! WHUMP!

OH, NO! IT'S THE MAJOR!

I'LL GIVE YOU A HIDING FOR THAT, BOY!

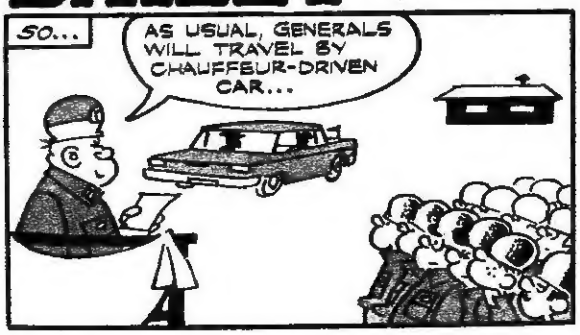
SO, THAT NIGHT... THROB!

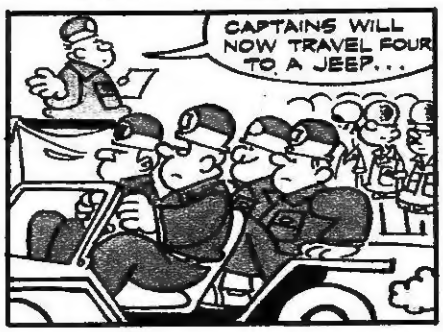
HUH! THE MAJOR MAY NOT BE ABLE TO SLEEP BECAUSE OF HIS PILLOW. BUT AFTER THAT WHOPPING I CAN'T EVEN LIE DOWN PROPERLY!

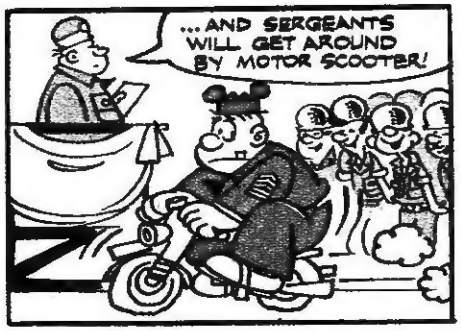
HAW! HAW!

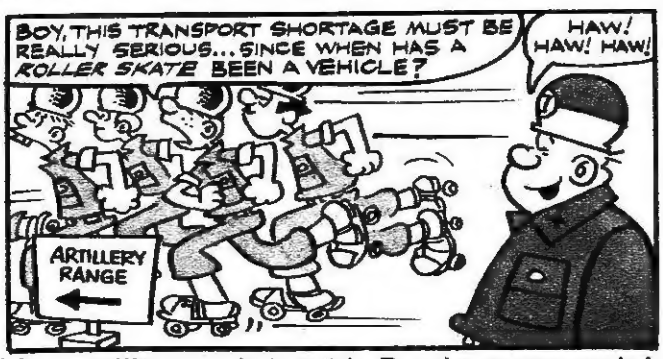
Join Tich and Quackers in next week's colourful firework display.

BEETLE BAILEY








BOY, THIS TRANSPORT SHORTAGE MUST BE REALLY SERIOUS...SINCE WHEN HAS A ROLLER SKATE BEEN A VEHICLE?
HAW! HAW! HAW!
ARTILLERY RANGE

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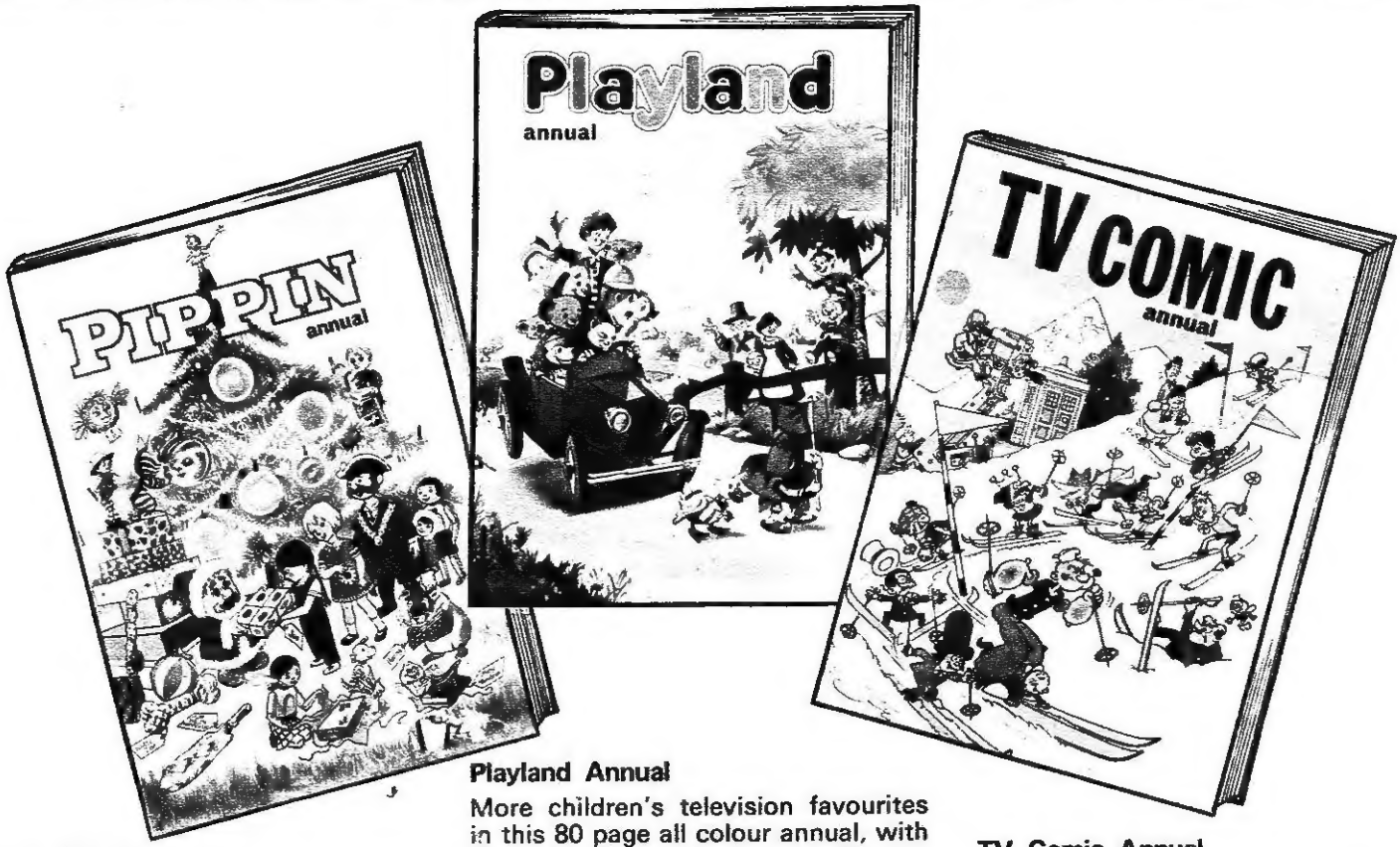
More military mirth with Beetle next week!

THREE COLOUR-PACKED ANNUALS!



Pippin Annual

80 pages, all in colour of children's favourite television characters: The Pogles, The Herbs, Joe, Bizzy Lizzy and Trumpton are all here.

Playland Annual

More children's television favourites in this 80 page all colour annual, with Hector's House, Sooty and Sweep, Tingha and Tucker and Camberwick Green.

All on sale now, price 10/6d. each

TV Comic Annual

80 colourful pages packed with fun, thrills and adventure, including Basil Brush, Dr. Who, Laurel and Hardy, The Avengers and Popeye.

BUGS BUNNY PRESENTS...
NUTTY NOTION
THAT LITTLE TWEETY BIRD WON'T RECOGNISE ME IN THIS SQUIRREL'S DISGUISE, AND BOY, IS HE IN FOR A SHOCK!
MAYBE HE'LL THROW ME A NUT OR SOMETHIN' SO I'LL PRETEND TO WANT SOME MORE AND I'LL SLOWLY EDGE MY WAY TOWARDS HIM!
OH! OH! THERE GOES THAT BAD OLE' PUTEY TAT, DWESSED UP AS A SQUIWELL - BUT HE DOESN'T FOOL ME.. HE! HE! HE!
I KNOW HOW TO FIX HIM, I'LL STICK THIS FIRECRACKER INTO THIS PUTTY AND THEN PAINT IT TO LOOK LIKE A NUT!
SO...
HALLO, LITTLE SQUIWELL - HERE IS A NICE NUT FOR YOU! CATCH!
HOR! HOR! HOR! WHAT DID I TELL YOU....? HE FELL FOR IT!
I'LL PRETEND THIS NUT IS NO GOOD AND THROW IT AWAY AND BEG FOR MORE!
BOOM
YEEOIKS! WHAT WAS THAT?
HERE'S ANOTHER NUT FOR YOU, SQUIWELL - THAT LAST ONE MUST HAVE BEEN TOO OLD - IT SEEMS TO HAVE EXPLODED!
PLONK
HMM? I'M BEGINNING TO GET SUSPICIOUS ABOUT THESE NUTS - I THINK I'LL THROW IT BACK AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS!
SAY, SQUIRREL - WHERE ARE YOU A'THROWING THAT THERE NUT? THE LAST ONE YOU FLUNG A-LANDED ON ME AND NEAR TO BLEW MA HEAD OFF!
NOW JUST YOU STAND THERE AND HOLD ON TO IT WHILE I FIGURE OUT WHAT'S A' GOING ON AROUND HERE!
BUT, GUVNOR, I DON'T THINK THIS IS A NUT AT ALL...
R.M.
I CAN'T PROVE ANYTHING BUT I'VE GOT MY SUSPICIONS THAT THIS NUT IS REALLY A BOMB LIKELY TO...
EXPLODE!
BOOM!
DARN IT, CRITTER, YOU'VE GONE AND DONE IT AGAIN.... SAY!! YORE A SNEAKY CAT IN DISGUISE. WHY, I'VE A MIND TO BLAST YER HIDE OFF!
HALLO, LITTLE SQUIWELL, WHY ARE YOU DISGUISED AS A CAT AND RUNNING AWAY FROM THAT NICE MAN WITH THE GUNS? HEE! HEE! HEE!
BLAST
BLAM!

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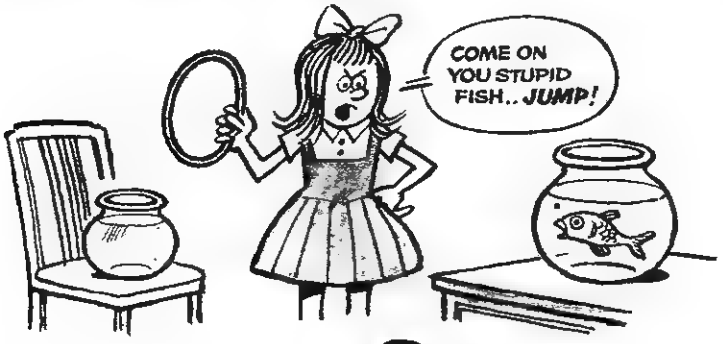
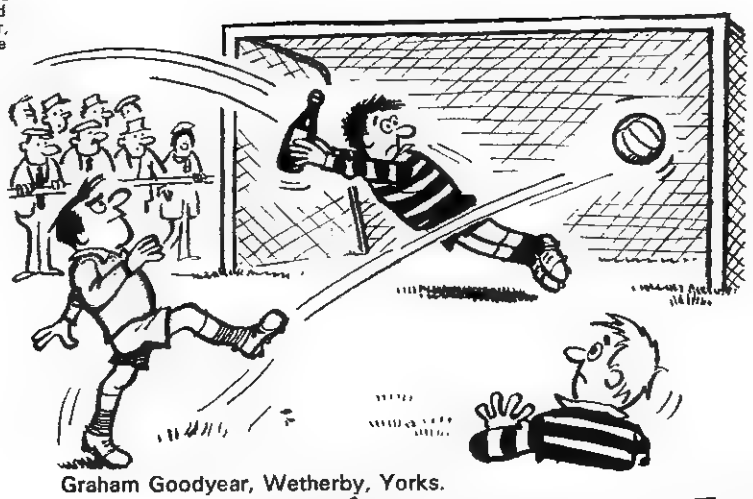
Sylvester follows the flower children next week.

Pick of the Jokes

Win a £1. Readers of TV COMIC are invited to send in original jokes. Send your joke on a postcard stating your age, name and address to The Editor, TV COMIC, Polystyle Publications Ltd., 100, Temple Chambers, Temple Avenue, London, E.C.4

Pauline Newbold, Bulwell, Nottingham.





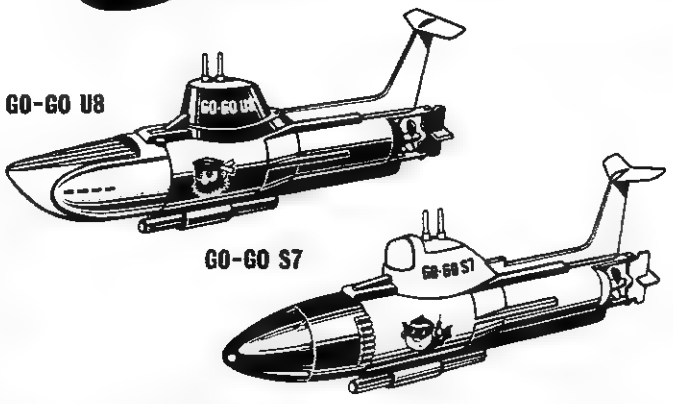
Graham Goodyear, Wetherby, Yorks.

T. M. McCormick, Stockport, Cheshire.

Robert Mackenzie, Bath, Somerset.

TAKE CARE - AND ENJOY YOURSELF

2 Super BATTERY OPERATED Submarines



DIVE AND FLOAT AUTOMATICALLY

These Kits take only 2 minutes to assemble — you just snap the parts together. The submarines are fascinating to watch — they dive and float automatically — great fun in the bath or garden pool. In tough plastic, beautifully coloured.

Price 18/9d. each, complete with Batteries.

From your local Model or Toy Shop, or send stamped addressed envelope for leaflet and nearest supplier.

A.A.HALES LTD. P.O.BOX 33. HINCKLEY, LEICESTERSHIRE ENGLAND

Larry Harmon's

LAUREL & HARDY

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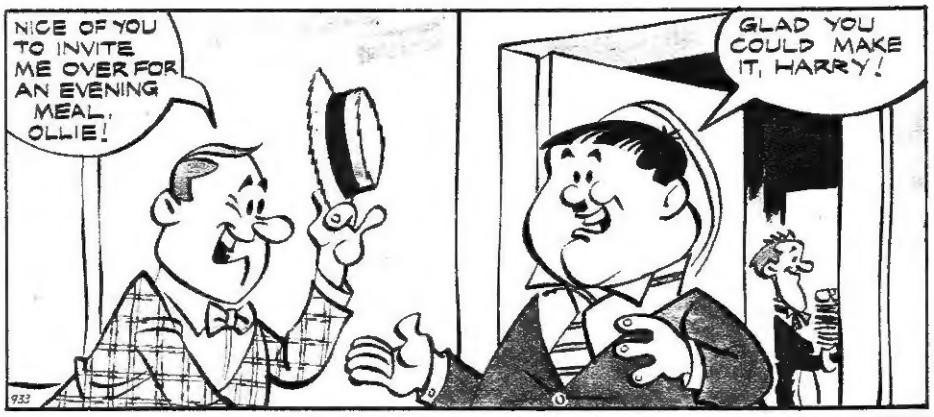

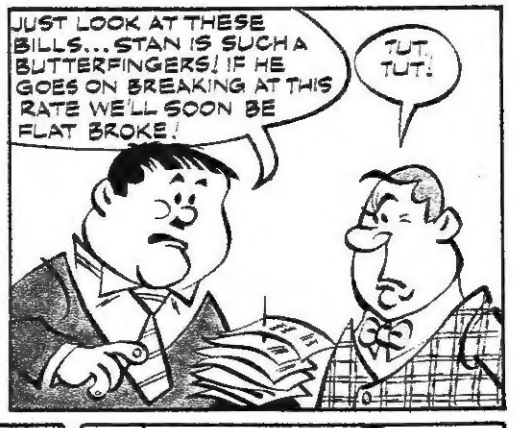

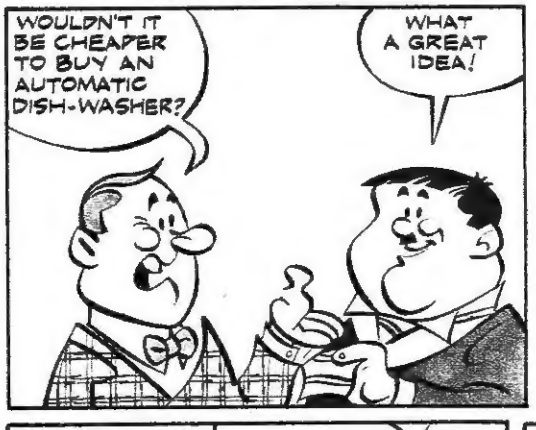

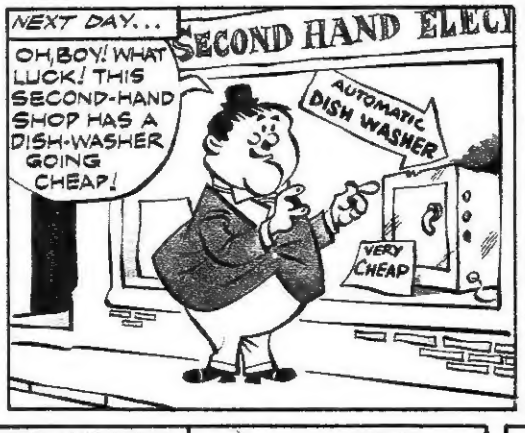

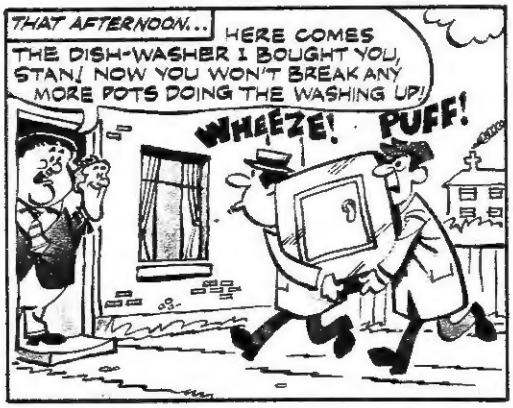
THAT AFTERNOON...
HERE COMES THE DISH-WASHER I BOUGHT YOU, STAN! NOW YOU WON'T BREAK ANY MORE POTS DOING THE WASHING UP!
WHEEZE! PUFF!

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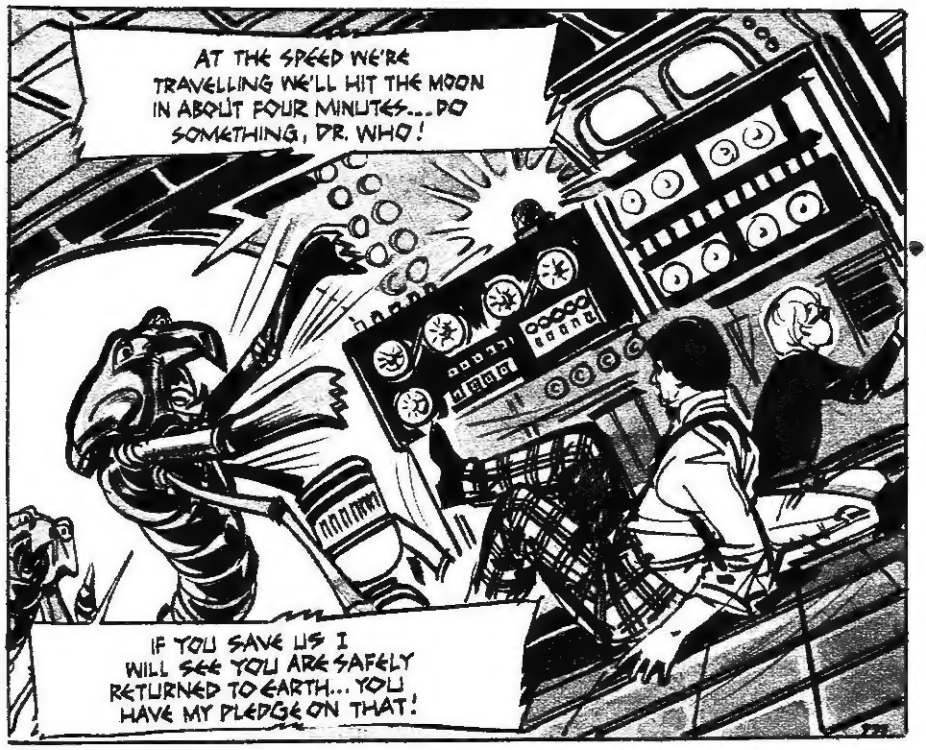
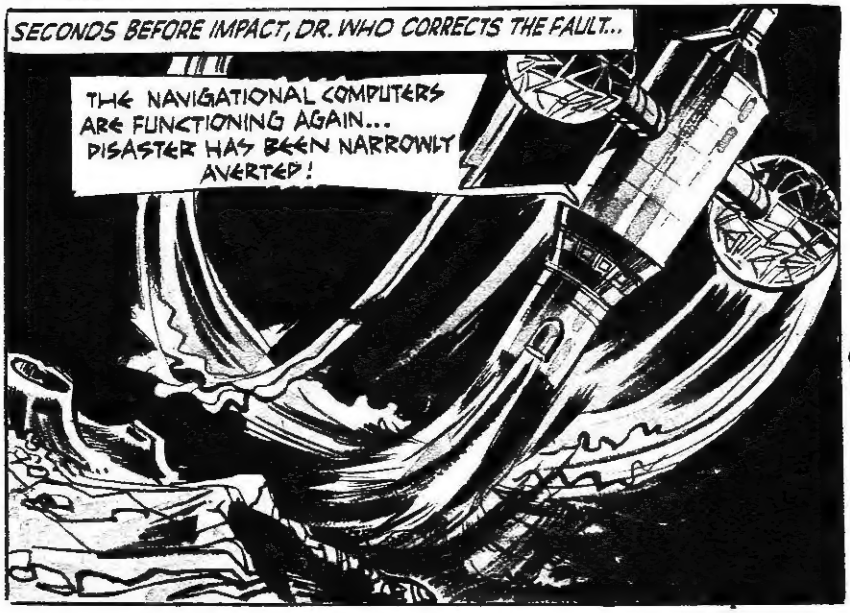
DOCTOR

AN alien craft with damaged navigational gear has landed in the Arizona desert. The Doctor makes hasty repairs but when the job is done the aliens refuse to let him leave and take off! Dr. Who rages but is cut short when the navigator reports that the repaired equipment has jammed and that the craft is on collision course with the moon!


AT THE SPEED WE'RE TRAVELLING WE'LL HIT THE MOON IN ABOUT FOUR MINUTES... DO SOMETHING, DR. WHO!
IF YOU SAVE US I WILL SEE YOU ARE SAFELY RETURNED TO EARTH... YOU HAVE MY PLEDGE ON THAT!


SECONDS BEFORE IMPACT, DR. WHO CORRECTS THE FAULT..
THE NAVIGATIONAL COMPUTERS ARE FUNCTIONING AGAIN... DISASTER HAS BEEN NARROWLY AVERTED!

WE SHALL REMAIN PERMANENTLY IN YOUR DEBT, DR. WHO... YOUR SWIFT ACTION SAVED US ALL!
I WILL, OF COURSE, ARRANGE FOR YOU AND YOUR YOUNG FRIEND TO BE PUT DOWN IN THE ARIZONA DESERT SOME TIME TONIGHT.

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LATE THAT EVENING AS THE QUOTRON CRAFT DECENDS, ITS MOTORS DISTURB AN ISOLATED GROUP OF OILMEN WORKING A NIGHT SHIFT...
I SEE IT, BUT I DON'T BELIEVE IT... A STRANGE CRAFT!
THE SIGHTING IS REPORTED BY TUCSON LOCAL RADIO ON THEIR MIDNIGHT NEWS PROGRAMME.
T.L.R.
FOLLOWING REPORTS OF U.F.O. SIGHTINGS A FEW DAYS AGO, THERE HAS BEEN ANOTHER TONIGHT BY OILMEN WORKING A NIGHT-SHIFT OUT IN THE DESERT NEAR THE FAMOUS 'THREE PILLARS' ROCK FORMATION!
... AT THE BEGINNING OF THIS WEEK, SPACE EXPERT DR. WHO WAS SEEN HEADING FOR THE 'THREE PILLARS.' IT IS POSSIBLE HE WAS INVESTIGATING THE EARLIER SIGHTINGS!
ON AIR
... HOWEVER, AFTER THREE DAYS IN THE DESERT HE HAS NOT YET REAPPEARED ... WE AWAIT HIS FINDINGS WITH BATED BREATH!
MEANWHILE, OUT IN THE DARKNESS...
FAREWELL, FRIENDS! AND REMEMBER ... THE POPULATION OF EARTH MUST NEVER KNOW OF OUR VISIT!
THE SECRET WILL BE SAFE WITH US!
WHEN THE DOCTOR AND 'SPECS' EMERGE FROM THE DESERT... REPORTERS ARE WAITING...
DID YOU SEE ANYTHING OUT THERE, DOC?
ANY TRACE OF SO-CALLED U.F.O.'S?
TENSION
MOTEL ARIZONA
TAXI
... I CAN REPORT QUITE DEFINITELY THAT ALL THESE U.F.O. SIGHTINGS ARE PURE FANTASY... YOU KNOW WHAT CRANKS SOME PEOPLE ARE?
WE FIGURED AS MUCH!
BUT AS DR. WHO AND 'SPECS' CRABSHAW FLY TO ENGLAND...
WE HAVE SWORN TO KEEP OUR SECRET, 'SPECS'... BUT ONE DAY THE WORLD WILL HAVE TO FACE UP TO THE FACTS!
PEOPLE FROM OUTER SPACE ARE A REALITY!

Next week a TV quiz show leads Dr. Who into danger.

POPEYE
COURT ROOM CAPER
BOY! WHAT A LOVELY DAY FER FIGHTIN'!
EVERY DAY'S A LOVELY DAY FER FIGHTIN'!
BASH!
WALLOP!
THUD!
FIVE FIST-THROWIN' SECONDS LATER...
DAZE
GEE, THAT WAS GREAT...TODAY I GOT TWO BLACK EYES! MAYBE TOMORROW I'LL GET THREE!
NOW TO SORT OUT BIG BEN AND FAT FRED!
SURE IS A LOVELY DAY FER FIGHTIN'!
BIFFITY!
CRUNK!
OOPH!
BAM!
ZOK!
BOPPITY! BOPPITY!
UGH!
POPEYE'S DAZED VICTIMS START TO DAMAGE PROPERTY...
GROGGY!
WHOOPS!
SWIRL
DEAR ME! WHERE AM I?
BEND!
KERUNCH!
A MAN FROM THE TOWN HALL SPOTS THEM...
THOSE POOR CHAPS POPEYE HAS BATTERED ARE SMASHING UP TOWN PROPERTY... I'LL HAVE THAT PUNCH-HAPPY SAILOR ARRESTED!
SO...
THAT'S THE FELLOW!
COME QUIETLY, BUSTER... YOU'RE GONNA BE CHARGED WITH CAUSING DAMAGE TO TOWN PROPERTY!
WHAT?
LATER, IN COURT...
HOW DO YOU PLEAD, POPEYE?
I AIN'T PLEADIN'! I'VE NEVER PLEADED FER NUTHIN' IN MY LIFE...
...IN THAT CASE I FIND YOU GUILTY...
GUILTY? GUILTY OF WHAT?
I SENTENCE YOU TO PAY A £20 FINE...
BUT... BUT... WAIT... NOW LOOK HERE...
...OR SERVE 30 DAYS IN PRISON!
CLOCK!
AWK!
DAZE
LOOKS LIKE I'LL HAVE TO TAKE THE DAZE, JUDGE!
HAW! HAW! HAW!

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The firework sparks fly on Popeye's page next week.